



Dragon Crisis



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Chapter 1 by Samuel

About twelve hours ago a Dragon stormed my small and quiet city of Lakewood. It was terrifying, we ran as fast as we could, while that thing burned everything we took so much time to build. Just with what we could quickly grab. We ran to the city we were a satellite of, Blackrun. It's one of the biggest if not the bigger city in the country. The guards at the walls and gates barred us at first, but then the news spread and they allowed us to enter. We weren't used to that amount of people, stores, guards. They even had guilds, two of them, one for warriors and one for bards.

While we discussed what we would, a guard came to us and invited us to talk to the Mayor, Eorlund Gray-Mane. We followed him around the city all the way to the Mayor's palace, (that has a strange foreign name that apparently references the Mayor's origins).

Chapter 2 by Phantim



I wanted to go out and fight the creature! Make it pay for what it had done. I used to be a powerful warrior. I used to be an adventurer, then I took an arrow to the knee.

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On my way to meeting I became lost in this new city. I went to ask a guard for directions.

"Excuse me, sir?" I asked the guard.

"What's the matter? Somebody stole your sweetroll?" he rudely replied.

"No, I just needed directions to the Mayor's palace." I replied.

He just grunted and pointed to a large building down the street. I nod my head in thanks, then continue on the meeting. I hope I haven't missed anything.

Chapter 3 by LethalPianist



This town was corrupt. That much was clear. The rich lived in splendid mansions, with majestic fountains and towering monoliths. They lived right next to the desperately poor, with beaten down shacks and dirtied streets. The wooden walls were warped with water and old age. The peasants looked at me with empty eyes, not even realizing the dangers of the great dragon posed to them

I grit my teeth in anger. I was supposed to guard the people, but how was I to fight the corrupt? I made my way to the Mayor's Mansion. The road was paved with gold, sparkling. In the center of the garden in front of the Mansion was a giant nude marble statue of the Mayor. I averted my eyes.

I made my way to the door. Weirdly, nobody was guarding it. I limped my way up the stairs, and across the plush carpeting covering the floor. The Mayor's office stood ajar. This was NOT a good sign. I drew my sword. The blade sang as it cut through the air. I kept it sharp, the magic blade, Durandal.

I gingerly pushed open the door. It opened with a sharp creak. The Mayor lay slumped on the top of the desk, a pool of blood around his crown.

Painted on the wall with the Mayor's blood was a message.

The Dragon Liberators have arrived.

Chapter 4 by Smurf_LX

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Later that evening a council of nobles gathered those she deemed trustworthy. The Mayor's death indicated that there were traitors within the walls.

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Humans working for the dragons. The idea was absurd. But what else could it be? A dragon would have been spotted, and it would have left a mess after itself. However, there were more important things now. The general of the guard had let me join the council, strange that she trusted an outsider. I wouldn't have been surprised if they had blamed the hole thing on me. "As you know" The general of the watch began, cutting off my train of thought. "The mayor has been killed by what seems to be something called The Dragon Liberators." She paused making sure everyone listened. "According to an legend they are people who worshiped Dragons as gods. I would wager my shield that it was the remnants of these people who murdered the Mayor. She referred to him as the Mayor, not our beloved Mayor as everyone else I had this far spoken to.

"Lydia, what do we know about the present Dragon Liberators?" A nobleman asked. That's where I relisted that the general of the guard had never told me her name.

"I received word today morning that they have mobilized an resistance in the south and our troops are being pushed back. They request backup and report dragons..." She didn't get further. At the word dragons the council went mad. Everyone had something to say. And despite Lydia's best efforts to try to calm everyone down, there was no one who listened.

Write a draft for chapter 5 of 8

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